

# GLAMOROUS ROMANCES

DOTTY

# DOTTY

COMIC

MARCH

10¢



FEATURING LOVABLE,  
ADORABLE "DOTTY"

IN  
"WEEK-END ROMANCE!"

AND  
"TEMPORARILY YOURS!"

PLUS

THESE OTHER  
GLAMOROUS ROMANCES

"LOVE IS A GAMBLE!"

AND  
"HIRED DATE!"

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IT ALL BEGAN LIKE ANY OTHER NIGHT AT THE EL KISCO CLUB...

SO...THE DAY OF THE POLO MATCH...

OF COURSE, POLLY-- BUT I'M CURIOUS TO SEE GREG TAYLOR, THE POLO STAR! HE OFTEN COMES TO THE EL KISCO, AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE HIM PLAY! I SAW HIS PICTURE IN THE SOCIETY PAGE LAST WEEK!

HERE, DOTTY--HERE'S A COUPLE OF TICKETS FOR THE POLO MATCH! I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE SOME FUN!

THANKS, MR. GORDON!--I NEVER SAW A POLO MATCH, AND I THINK I'D LIKE TO!

THEY PLAY THIS GAME WITH HORSES, DON'T THEY, DOTTY?



DOTTY'S DRESS BY SANGUIN LONDON, ENGLAND, 1930



AFTER THE POLO MATCH IS OVER...

I'M FLATTERED THAT YOU NOTICED ME WHEN I CAME TO THE CLUB, DOTTY--BUT DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T NOTICED YOU, TOO! I'VE THOUGHT OF VARIOUS WAYS HOW WE COULD MEET, BUT YOU SOLVED THAT FOR ME TODAY!

AFTER WHAT YOU DID FOR ME TODAY, I GUESS I CAN CALL YOU A PRETTY GOOD FRIEND!

I HOPE WE'RE GOING TO SEE A LOT OF EACH OTHER, DOTTY!

THAT'S WHAT I HOPED TO DO, TOO, DOTTY! BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING NO WHEN I ASK FOR A DATE!



THAT WAS ENTIRELY UNCALLED FOR, BRUCE! DOTTY ISN'T JUST ANY DATE GIRL THAT YOU MIGHT TAKE A FANCY TO! AND I WISH YOU'D STOP BOTHERING HER!

SORRY, GREG-- I MEANT NO OFFENSE! OH, GREG, HE WAS ONLY JOKING!

GOOD-BYE FOR A LITTLE WHILE, DOTTY! I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW FOR DINNER! (SNACK)

Y-YES, GREG! FOR-- DINNER!

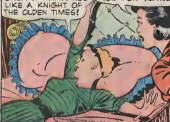


OH, POLLY--HE'S SO HANDSOME--SO STRONG--(SIGH) HE SORT OF TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY! HE'S LIKE A KNIGHT OF THE OLDEN TIMES!

WELL--HE SURE TOOK YOUR BREATH AWAY! I NEVER SAW ANYBODY WORK SO FAST! HE ACTED LIKE HE KNEW YOU FOR YEARS!

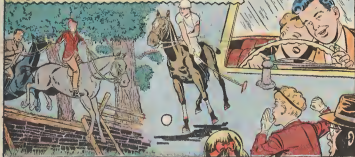
THE NEXT NIGHT...AFTER DINNER WITH GREG TAYLOR...

MAYBE IT'S TOO EARLY TO SPEAK, DOTTY, BUT I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU!



OFFICE WORK BY: LINDA R. HAYES, CLUTCH HAYES, PA.

THE DAYS BEGAN TO SPEED BY... DAYS THAT WERE FILLED WITH ROMANCE FOR DOTTY AND GREG...



THE FIRST STUMBLING BLOCK TO THE PERFECT ROMANCE APPEARED AT THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE...

MMM--UH--- BUT I DON'T CARE, GREG!

MIND IF I CUT IN ON THIS ONE?

HUH-- OH, HELLO, CLEM! I CERTAINLY DO MIND! SUPPOSE YOU FIND YOUR OWN GIRL!

ARE THERE OTHER PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THIS WORLD OF OURS, DARLING?



YOU'RE ANGRY ABOUT WHAT JUST HAPPENED, AREN'T YOU, DEAR?

GREG, HE WAS A FRIEND OF YOURS! HOW COULD YOU EMBARRASS ME LIKE THAT? YOU CAN'T KEEP ME TO YOURSELF AS IF I WERE ONE OF YOUR PRIVATE POLO PONIES! YOU HAVE NO REASON TO BE JEALOUS---

EXCUSE ME-- I--I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE DANCING ANYMORE!

I KNOW I WAS WRONG, DARLING-- AND I'M SORRY! BUT I CAN'T HELP IT IF I LOVE YOU SO MUCH THAT I CAN'T STAND TO SEE ANYONE ELSE NEAR YOU!

I--I GUESS I CARE ABOUT YOU, TOO, GREG-- BUT--!





MARRY ME, DOTTY-- PLEASE GAY YOU WILL! I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!

I--I'M NOT SURE YET, GREG! IT'S ALL BEEN SO--SO FAST! I--I WANT MORE TIME!

THEN GAY YOU'LL MEET MY FAMILY! THEY'VE ALL HEARD ABOUT YOU NOW! I'M SURE YOU'LL LOVE THEM--AND THEN YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SAY NO!

ALL RIGHT-- GREG! IF--IF YOU WANT ME TO!



THE DAY FINALLY ARRIVES WHEN DOTTY IS TO MEET GREG'S FAMILY...

HOW DO I LOOK, POLLY? DO YOU THINK THEY'LL LIKE ME?

GOSH, DOTTY-- YOU'LL MAKE THAT PARK AVENUE GANG'S EYES POP RIGHT OUT!

A SHORT TIME LATER... SOMEWHERE ON PARK AVENUE...

CHIN UP, DARLING-- THEY'RE ALL AS NERVOUS AS YOU ARE!

I--I'M READY, GREG!



DOTTY'S DRESS BY BARBARA JOY MOORE HARTVILLE, ALA.





DOTTY---THIS IS THE FAMILY!  
MY MOTHER---DAD---COUSIN  
NED---TOM---UNCLE CALES  
AND---AND---I FAMILY--THIS  
IS DOTTY!

HOW DO  
YOU DO!



MY DEAR, YOU'RE AS  
LOVELY AS GREGORY  
SAID YOU WERE!

GREG--  
SHE'S  
LOVELY!

YOU LUCKY  
DOG!



THREE CHEERS  
FOR OUR DOTTY!  
SHE'S HOOKED  
OUR CHARMING  
BACHELOR--AND  
LITTLE TOM IS  
GOING TO BE THE  
FIRST ONE TO KISS  
THE LUCKY GIRL!

HA, HA!  
OH!!!  
TOM!  
STOP--!

YOU'RE  
EMBARRASSING  
HER, TOM!



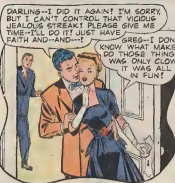
KEEP YOUR HANDS  
OFF HER!

OH!!!



ER---  
ER---  
SORRY,  
TOM!

P-PLEASE EXCUSE  
M-ME!



DARLING--I DID IT AGAIN! I'M SORRY,  
BUT I CAN'T CONTROL THAT VICIOUS  
JEALOUS STREAK! PLEASE GIVE ME  
TIME--I'LL DO IT! JUST HAVE  
FAITH AND--AND---

GREG--I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT MAKES YOU  
DO THOSE THINGS! TOM  
WAS ONLY CLOWNING--  
IT WAS ALL  
IN FUN!



I KNOW, DARLING--BUT  
PLEASE SAY YOU'LL  
FORGIVE ME FOR THE  
LAST TIME!

ALL--RIGHT--  
GREG! WE'LL  
JUST PRETEND  
IT DIDN'T  
HAPPEN!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

...AND SINCE YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN PRETTY CLOSE TO GREG, TOM, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HELP ME PICK OUT AN ENGAGEMENT PRESENT FOR HIM!

YOU BET I'D LIKE TO HELP, DOTTY! I'LL PICK YOU UP IN AN HOUR!



AS DOTTY AND TOM SHOP FOR THE ENGAGEMENT GIFT, BOTH ARE UNAWARE OF GREG WHO ACCIDENTALLY PASSES THE DOOR AT THE MOMENT...

I LIKE THAT ONE, DON'T YOU, TOM?

I KNOW HE'LL BE TICKLED WITH IT, DOTTY!



AS TOM DRIVES DOTTY HOME...

YOU WERE A PLECH TO HELP ME, TOM! THANKS SO MUCH!

GLAD TO DO IT, DOTTY! GREG'S A PRETTY LUCKY GUY!

I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO CHEAT BEHIND MY BACK--I NOT EVEN MY BEST FRIEND!



IT'S ONLY THAT JEALOUS FANTASTIC MIND THAT'S CHEATING YOU, GREG! HERE! I ASKED TOM TO COME WITH ME TO HELP PICK OUT YOUR ENGAGEMENT PRESENT! BUT YOU CAN NOW CONSIDER IT A GOOD-BYE GIFT!

N-NO! DOTTY, P-PLEASE--!



IT WON'T WORK, GREG! TRUE LOVE IS BASED ON MUTUAL TRUST AND CONFIDENCE! YOUR JEALOUS STREAK WOULD MAKE US BOTH UNHAPPY AND MISERABLE! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! I'M SORRY!

I--I'D DO ANYTHING TO MAKE AMENDS, DOTTY!



I'VE LOST MY GIRL, TOM--BUT I HOPE I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE YOU AS A FRIEND!

FORGET IT, OLD MAN! SHE WAS A WONDERFUL GIRL AND YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY!

GREG WAS ALMOST EVERYTHING A GIRL WOULD WANT IN A MAN--BUT I'M GLAD I FOUND OUT IN TIME!



# "HIRED DATE!"



**J**OAN WEBB WAS A SECRETARY IN A LARGE CORPORATION...

I HAD THE MOST WONDERFUL TIME WITH JOHNNY SATURDAY NIGHT! WE WENT EVERYWHERE! ORCHIDS, CHAMPAGNE...

FRANK AND I WENT DANCING! IS HE SMOOTH!

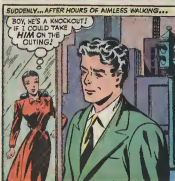
GUESS THEY ALL HAD A WONDERFUL TIME THIS WEEK-END... AND I DIDN'T DO A THING...

IF I ONLY HAD A BOYFRIEND... **ANY** BOYFRIEND! THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE TO MAKE UP ALL THESE STORIES ABOUT "JEFFREY," WHO DOESN'T EVEN EXIST!

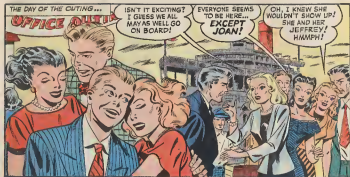
HEY, KIDS, LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH JOAN! GET HER TALKING ABOUT JEFFREY! IT'S A HOWL! SHE DOESN'T KNOW WE'RE TALKING TO HER!

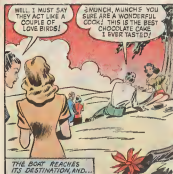
















# DOTTY

2nd WEEK-END ROMANCE!

Hot Check Room

OH, BROTHER--  
DO YOU SEE  
WHAT I SEE?

AND HOW!  
ISN'T SHE A  
HONEY? SHE CAN  
CHECK MY HEART  
ANYTIME!



LOVING BY  
ILLUSTRATION  
MILTON MANNING

HELLO-O-O! WHERE  
HAVE YOU BEEN  
ALL MY LIFE?

JUST IGNORE  
BILL DOTTY--  
AND TRY TO  
CONCENTRATE  
ON ME!

BOYS! BOYS!  
YOU'RE  
TAKING MY  
BREATH  
AWAY!

WELL--YOU TOOK MINE  
AWAY WHEN I SAW  
YOU! LET'S GET DOWN  
TO CAGES, DOTTY! I  
WANT A DATE FOR  
TOMORROW--AND  
THEN THE DAY  
AFTER THAT--

HOW ABOUT  
TOMORROW  
NIGHT FOR  
ME, ANSEL?  
WE'LL HAVE  
DINNER  
AND THEN  
GO DANCING--

GRRRRRR!





GRRRR--LOOK--BILL IS REALLY TRYING TO DATE HER! I KNOW IT'S ONLY BECAUSE SHE LOOKS CUTE IN THAT HAT CHECK UNIFORM--BUT IT MEANS MORE COMPETITION! I'D LOVE TO HUMILIATE HER!

DARLINS-- I'VE JUST HAD A WONDERFUL IDEA!

SUPPOSE A GIRL OF THAT TYPE MINGLED WITH OUR SET--AND THE BOYS SAW HER FOR WHAT SHE REALLY IS!

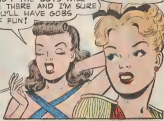
HMMMM-- YES-- WE COULD INVITE HER UP TO THE COUNTRY PLACE FOR THE WEEK-END! THAT'S A PRECIOUS IDEA, SHERRY!



THANKS FOR THE DATE OFFER, BILL-- BUT I REALLY COULDN'T ACCEPT! YOU CAME WITH GIRLS AND I THINK YOU SHOULD BE SPENDING YOUR TIME WITH THEM! OH-OH--HERE THEY COME AFTER YOU!

I WASN'T AWARE THAT I HURT YOUR FEELINGS, DOTTY. BUT IF I DID, I'D LIKE TO MAKE AMENDS! WHY DON'T YOU COME UP TO "HILL-CREST," OUR COUNTRY PLACE, FOR THE WEEK-END? THE BOYS WILL BE THERE AND I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE GOBS OF FUN!

IF THAT'S AN APOLOGY, I'LL ACCEPT IT! BUT I'M SORRY--I CAN'T COME TO YOUR COUNTRY PLACE!



WHY NOT? SURELY YOU FEEL YOU'RE AS GOOD AS WE ARE! YOU'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT BEING ABLE TO MINGLE, ARE YOU?

OF COURSE NOT! IT'S JUST THAT---

AHH, DOTTY-- SAY YOU'LL COME! PLEASE! WE'LL HAVE A LOT OF FUN!

ALL RIGHT, SHERRY! I'LL ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION!

ATTA GIRL, DOTTY!

DON'T FORGET TO GET THERE EARLY, DOTTY! WE'LL BE SEEING YOU!



LATER... DOTTY CONFIDES  
IN HER FRIEND, POLLY...

DON'T YOU SEE, POLLY--I  
HAD TO ACCEPT HER INVITA-  
TION! IT WAS A SORT OF  
CHALLENGE FROM THOSE  
GNOSS!

I UNDERSTAND,  
HONEY! THEY  
FIGURE ON  
RIDICULING  
YOU BEFORE  
THE BOYS!

BUT HOW AM I  
GOING TO GET  
TO "HILLCREST"?

LEAVE IT TO ME, DOTTY!  
JUST PACK YOUR  
NICEST THINGS FOR  
ANY EMERGENCY!

DOTTY'S DRESS BY  
MARLENE ROUSARCH  
CHICAGO, ILL.

I THINK I'LL TAKE MY NEW EVENING DRESS--  
AND THAT STUNNING NEW VELVET SUIT WITH  
THE BLUE INSERTS WILL MAKE THEIR EYES  
POP! I WONDER IF I'LL NEED THAT  
BLACK CREPE DINNER DRESS--?

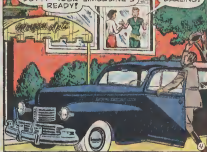
DOTTY! IT'S ALL  
SET!

WHAT'S  
ALL  
SET?

YOUR CAR! MY BOY FRIEND,  
JOE, DRIVES FOR WEDDINGS  
AND THINGS--

BUT TODAY HE'S DRIVING YOU  
OUT TO THAT WEEK-END PARTY!  
DOTTY--YOUR LIMOUSINE'S  
READY!

OH, POLLY--  
YOU'RE A  
DARLING!



MEANWHILE... AT  
CHERRY MEARS'  
COUNTRY ESTATE.

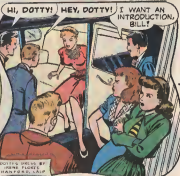
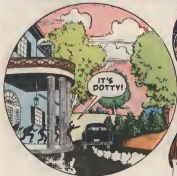
WELL--WE'RE ALL  
HERE EXCEPT THAT  
GIRL CALLED DOTTY!

OH--SHE PROBABLY GOT  
COLD FEET AND DECIDED  
NOT TO COME! I IMAGINE  
SHE LOST HER NERVE  
AT THE PROSPECT OF  
MINGLING WITH HER  
SUPERIORS--!

MAYBE SHE COULDN'T FIND  
A STREET CAR TO TAKE  
HER OUT HERE! HA, HA!

TEE HEE--  
HA, HA!  
OH, SHERRY--  
YOU'RE A SCREAM!

LOOK!



DOTTY'S HELD BY  
HERE FLOOR!  
HANTON, LAID

GOSH--I THOUGHT  
YOU NEVER WERE  
GOING TO GET  
HERE!

THE WEEK-END  
IS A SUCCESS! I  
WANT TO SHOW YOU  
AROUND, DOTTY!

WHAT DO YOU  
WANT TO DO  
FIRST, DOTTY?

THIS WAY,  
MISS!

HEY--ONE AT A TIME!  
WAIT'LL I SAY HELLO  
TO MY HOSTESS AND  
UNPACK!



I THINK IT'S TIME WE STARTED SHOWING HER UP! I'M SURE SHE'S NOT THE ATHLETIC TYPE AFTER WORKING IN THAT NIGHT CLUB! LET'S START WITH A DIVING CONTEST!

YOU MEAN DOTTY ON A HIGH DIVING BOARD! YEG-- I CAN JUST SEE IT!

LISTEN, GANG--HOW ABOUT HER-- A WORKOUT ON OUR NEW, ISN'T A HIGH DIVING BOARD IN IT TOO THE POOL? WE COULD CHILLY EVEN HAVE A CONTEST! FOR SWIMMING? WOULDN'T YOU LIKE THAT, DOTTY?



WE HAVE AN INDOOR POOL HERE, DEARIES!

THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, SHERRY! LET'S GO! LAST ONE AT THE POOL IS A CREEP!

TEE HEE HEE--THIS IS GOING TO BE RICH!

OH, WELL--I GUESS THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I WAS EVER GLAD THAT UNCLE FRED WAS A LIFEGUARD!



MINUTES LATER...

I GUESS WE'RE ALL HERE EXCEPT DOTTY! OH, WELL--I GUESS GIRLS WHO WORK IN NIGHT CLUBS DON'T GET MUCH CHANCE TO DIVE!

HI, CREEPS!

DOTTY!

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? HERE I GO--!

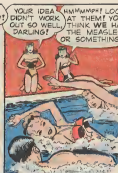


DOTTY'S DIVING HAT BY BARBARA JANE GRAMMY NEWTON N.Y.



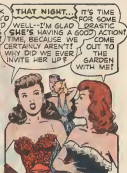
WHAT A DIVE!  
WOW! HERE  
I COME!

WAIT FOR  
ME, DOTTY!



YOUR IDEA  
DIDN'T WORK  
OUT SO WELL,  
DARLING!

HMMMPH! LOOK  
AT THEM! YOU'D  
THINK WE HAD  
THE MEASLES  
OR SOMETHING!



THAT NIGHT...

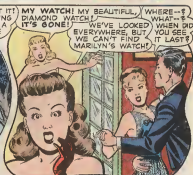
WELL--I'M GLAD  
SHE'S HAVING A GOOD  
TIME, BECAUSE WE  
CERTAINLY AREN'T!  
WHY DID WE EVER  
INVITE HER UP?

IT'S TIME  
FOR SOME  
DRASTIC  
ACTION!  
COME  
OUT TO  
THE  
GARDEN  
WITH ME!



I'M HIDING MY DIAMOND WRIST  
WATCH HERE! IT'S GOING TO  
BE MISSING, AND GUESS  
WHO STOLE IT??

I GET IT!  
ANYTHING  
GOES AT A  
TIME LIKE  
THIS!



MY WATCH! MY BEAUTIFUL  
DIAMOND WATCH!  
IT'S GONE!

WE'VE LOOKED  
EVERYWHERE, BUT  
WE CAN'T FIND  
MARILYN'S WATCH!

WHERE--?  
WHAT--?  
WHEN DID  
YOU SEE  
IT LAST?



IT WAS ON THE DINNER TABLE  
FOR A SECOND! I TOOK IT OFF  
TO ADJUST THE TIME AND--  
OH--IT WAS DADDY'S  
BIRTHDAY PRESENT!

WE'LL  
FIND IT!  
SPREAD OUT,  
FELLOWS! IT  
MUST BE  
AROUND  
SOMEWHERE!

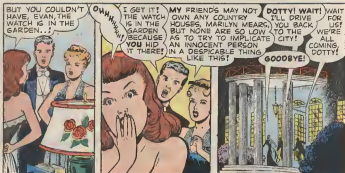
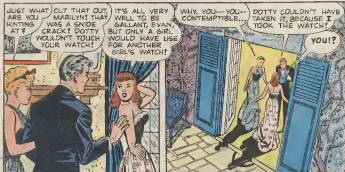


ONE HOUR LATER...

I GUESS IT'S GONE,  
MARILYN! WE'VE LOOKED  
EVERYWHERE IN THE  
HOUSE!

I KNOW NONE  
OF MY FRIENDS  
COULD HAVE  
TAKEN IT! BUT  
IT MIGHT HAVE  
BEEN A TEMPTATION  
TO AN  
OUTSIDER!

DOTTY'S GOWN BY  
CAROLIN EARLY  
ANNAL, ILL.





# "CAREER GIRL"

By ELAINE LOVE

STEPHANIE cried in exasperation, "It just isn't fair, that's all, Howard. A married woman has as much right to a career as a married man has these days."

Howard's face was white. This argument had started last night, and he was as tired of it as she was. "It isn't a question of right or equality or anything like that. It's just that homes aren't satisfactory when the wife is a career woman."

"Sure, I was proud of my mother. She was a wonderful actress. But I saw what her career did to Dad and to us kids. Our home was never run right; Mother was never there when we needed her. I decided years ago my wife was going to be just my wife."

She said desperately, "But an actress's life is different, Howard. I keep fairly regular hours. I could get a good servant and keep an eye on the house. And I know I'd find enough time for our children. But I'd just go stale, doing nothing but keeping house."

"And I'd go crazy if you did anything else. Regular hours—you know your time isn't your own! And, frankly, I'm jealous of your law partner, too."

"Jealous of Vince!" That was ridiculous. Vince was a bachelor, but there certainly was no romance between them. "You're just looking for objections now, Howard. The whole truth is that you're a pigheaded man, and you're just jealous of your wife's career."

Howard flushed. He said stubbornly, "Put it any way you like, but my wife isn't going to work."

And Stephanie decidedly was going to work. So there was only one answer. Reluctantly she took off her beautiful diamond ring. "I guess that's that, Howard," she said coolly.

If only he'd take her in his arms and tell her she had to marry him! If only they could compromise somehow. But he simply pocketed the ring and said, "All right, that's that. But Jeff Ingate's in town. He's an old Army buddy of mine, and I told him we'd meet him for dinner. I don't suppose there's any reason why we shouldn't keep that date, is there?"

She said flatly, "I suppose not." It would be agony, of course, but no more agony than staying at home, crying, wishing Howard loved her enough to understand.

They met Jeff at a restaurant. He was an attractive dark-haired man, with humorous, frank brown eyes. He said at once, "So this is the lovely fiancée. Well, old man, you've done well for yourself."

Howard snapped, "Ex-fiancée. We decided to call it off. You see, Stephanie thinks a career comes before love."

It was horrible of Howard to drag a stranger into this, but since he'd started it—Stephanie said hotly, "I think a career is a part of life,

just as love is. Don't you think a wife has a right to work, Jeff?"

Jeff shot an odd look at Howard before he answered. "Sure, Stephanie, I think it's swell. A career wife wouldn't be likely to nag like a poor little homebody who had nothing to think about but the laundry list."

"And there's the question of money, too. With things as high as they are now, the extra money might come in handy. And, besides, business women don't expect all the silly little out-dated acts of devotion the old-fashioned wife demands."

Howard was staring at Jeff in amazement. He opened his mouth, then snapped it shut. Naturally he was surprised. Men always expected their friends to stick by them.

She danced with Jeff and flirted with him openly. Howard had said he was jealous of her law partner. Maybe she could make him jealous of Jeff, too. Then maybe he'd wake up and decide he didn't want to lose her. But it didn't seem to be working out that way. He let her dance every dance with Jeff, while he sat at the table looking utterly indifferent.

During their last dance, Jeff said, "If it's really all off between you and Howard, how about giving me a date tomorrow night? I wouldn't try to step in if you were engaged, but as it is—well, I've an idea you're just what I'm looking for."

"All right," she said absently. Why not? She'd have to start finding new interests now. It was a desolate thought.

They dropped her at her apartment, and she went to bed, thinking of Howard and trying to think of Jeff. Why couldn't she fall for Jeff or somebody like him? He had just the right philosophy.

The next day was long and dull. Sometimes the practice of law was fascinating, but sometimes it was just a grind, like today. The fates, she told herself furiously, were trying to make her decide a career wasn't worth holding onto when marriage was at stake. But the fates wouldn't win out this time. A girl with brains deserved a career and marriage, too.

Jeff called her that afternoon and suggested easily that since she had a car, and he didn't, she pick him up at the hotel. The idea rather shocked Stephanie, but, of course, she agreed.

They went dancing again. Jeff was even more amusing than before, and he was every bit as good a dancer as Howard. But everything fell flat, though Stephanie drank champagne and tried to pretend she was having a wonderful time.

Jeff seemed fooled. He took her hand and said tenderly, "I like you, Stephanie. Maybe I love you. We're suited, don't you think? Why don't we get married? I imagine I could get a job here. Then you wouldn't have to leave your firm."

Why not? She'd never fall in love again after loving Howard, and Jeff and she had so much in common. Yet she hesitated. "I hardly know you yet, Jeff. We'll see."

He seemed content, but his smile was just a little odd.

As she headed for her apartment in the car, he said, "Say, you'd better take this turn to my hotel. I'm sure you won't mind dropping me, will you?"

She did mind, it was two o'clock in the morning. She gasped, but he didn't seem to hear.

"That's the nice thing about modern girls," he said, "they can take care of themselves. They don't want that crazy protection business. It makes everything so much more convenient."

So Stephanie swallowed her gasp and dropped him at the hotel. But when he tried to kiss her, she drew away. "Not so fast, Jeff," she said lightly.

He laughed. "Okay, darling. But tomorrow night I'll kiss you. Shall I call for you about eight if I can get a cab? Otherwise, I'll phone you."

She nodded and drove off. The garage where she left her car was a block from her apartment house, and the walk in the dark made her jittery. She longed for Howard's hand on her arm, but she was being silly. Nothing ever happened on this street. Jeff was right—she didn't need any man's protection. It was just that it was a nice thing to have.

Jeff didn't phone her to pick him up next evening. Instead he arrived with Howard. Howard looked at her bleakly, but Jeff said gaily, "I know you wouldn't mind, Stephanie. There's no reason why you two shouldn't go on being friends. I won't have much more time with Howard, and we have to catch up on each other's news."

He suggested going to a place which Stephanie knew was no more than a dive. She expected Howard to protest that it wasn't a fit place to take her, but Howard said nothing. So they went to the dive, and both men seemed to forget Stephanie's existence.

They talked about old Army experiences, business, world affairs, old acquaintances, and ignored Stephanie completely. She'd worn her prettiest dress, but neither of them bothered to remark it.

At last Jeff seemed to remember her long enough to ask her to dance. But they were no sooner on the floor than a drunk tried to cut in. Naturally Jeff would tell him off. But Jeff didn't! He merely smiled, stepped back, and Stephanie was in the drunk's arms.

It was preposterous! She saw Jeff go back to the table. Surely Howard would come and cut in. But the two men went on talking, and Howard didn't move.

She told the drunk she didn't want to dance and pulled away from him. But he grabbed her and kissed her. She struggled away from him, furious, longing to strike out at him, but dreading to start a scene.

He said, "Come on, baby, let's dance. I won't kiss you again."

Once more she pulled out of his arms. Over his shoulder, she saw Jeff grin. Jeff put a restraining hand on Howard's arm, but Howard jerked away. Howard approached them, his face murderous.

He said to the drunk, "Scram! Isn't it obvious

the lady doesn't like you?"

"Just as obvious she couldn't like you," the drunk declared. "I've been noticing you two guys all evening. You haven't given her a bit of attention. She's beautiful. She needs to be loved."

He grabbed Stephanie again, and Howard's fist shot out. The man sank weakly to the floor.

There was a lot of commotion then. A couple of waiters got the man to his feet, and the crowd gathered around. Howard took Stephanie's arm. "Come on, we're getting out of here."

He dropped some money on the table, and Jeff followed them out. Stephanie's heart sang happily. Howard loved her; he wanted to protect her. And she knew now that she wanted his love and protection more than anything in the world. Far more than any career!

In the car Jeff remarked, "That was a silly thing to do, Howard. You might have involved us in a real brawl. I'm sure Stephanie could have taken care of herself. She's a modern girl, you know."

Stephanie said in a very small voice, "There's no such thing as a modern girl. I loved what Howard did. I want him to keep on doing it forever. And—and if he still wants me, I guess I could live without a career, after all. The office has been very dull lately. Maybe it's been dull ever since I fell in love, and I'm just beginning to notice. I don't believe our home could ever be dull. I don't see how I could go stale making a career out of being a wife if Howard were my husband. I'm very sure of that now."

At that point Howard stopped the car. He put his arms around her, and his kisses spelled heaven. "Darling, darling," he whispered. "I hated to be pigheaded about it, but I knew it wouldn't work. Maybe some men can live with career wives, but I couldn't. I want you to be waiting for me all the time. I'll make up for the excitement you'll miss, sweet. I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you, Stephanie."

Stephanie remembered Jeff then. She turned to him. He was watching them quizzically. She said, "I'm sorry if I—well, sort of led you on, Jeff. I was really trying to make up my mind about marrying you."

"Think nothing of it, darling," he said lightly. "My wife wouldn't let me get married anyhow. I had to call her long distance yesterday for permission to try to kiss you when we were out last night."

"Your wife?" Stephanie echoed blankly.

"Yes, sure, the cutest wife you ever saw. She was a buyer for a big company before we got married, but she gave it up to be with me. I spoil her to death, and she loves it. And we've a little girl who looks just like her, too."

"But—but—"

Howard laughed. "Don't be mad, sweet. I saw what he was up to that first night, and I eat tight. Jeff figured if you spent a couple of evenings with the kind of guy who treated you like an absolute equal, you might get sick of it and settle for an old-fashioned guy like me."

"You're a couple of dopes, and I'll never forgive either of you!" Stephanie declared in mock fury, looking from one to the other.

"Forgiveness matters not a bit, sweet," Howard assured her. "The question before the house is, will you marry me?"

"We'll take a vote," she said, and the ayes had it, three to nothing.

# Sorority Sue

REMIC ME TO TELL  
YOU SOMETIME...  
I'M CRAZY ABOUT  
YOU, SUE!

YOU BET I  
WILL, BING!

LITTLE MARLA IS  
GOING TO BLOW  
OUT THAT MATCH  
YOU THINK YOU'VE  
MADE WITH BING!

'LOVE  
IS A  
GAMBLE!'

LOVE MAY BE A  
GAMBLE, BUT MARLA  
IS LEAVING NOTHING  
TO CHANCE AS SHE  
STACKS THE CARDS  
IN HER OWN FAVOR  
AND DEALS OUT THE  
HAND! TWO HEARTS  
ARE AT STAKE AND  
MARLA CAN'T LOSE!  
SHE'S THOUGHT OF  
EVERYTHING—EVERY-  
THING EXCEPT THAT  
WHEN YOU PLAY WITH  
MATCHES, YOU'RE  
LIKELY TO GET YOUR  
FINGERS BURNED!

**M**ARLA ENGAGES THE SERVICES OF  
NICK SPADE, NOTORIOUS  
RACKETEER...

NOW HAVE YOU  
GOT THAT  
STRAIGHT?

WHEN MONEY  
TALKS, SISTER,  
NICK SPADE  
LISTENS—AND  
GETS IT  
STRAIGHT!

YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT  
GUY, MARLA! I DON'T  
HAVE ANY MORE SCRUPLES  
THAN YOU  
HAVE!

NEVER  
MIND  
THE  
FLATTERY  
SPADE!  
I'LL SEE  
YOU TONIGHT!  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO  
DO!

**AFTER HALE UNIVERSITY'S BASKETBALL GAME VICTORY...**

'RAY, BING!

WHAT A BEATING POOR QUINCYTON TOOK!

OH, BING, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!



THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! LET'S ALL GO DOWN TO NICK SPADE'S NEW ROAD HOUSE TONIGHT! I HEAR THEY'VE GOT A BAND THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

YEAH! LET'S GO!



THAT EVENING AT NICK SPADE'S...

SOMEBODY GAVE MARLA A BUM STEER! THAT BAND'S TERRIBLE!

WHAT DO WE CARE? WE MAKE OUR OWN MUSIC TOGETHER!



LET'S SIT THIS NEXT ONE OUT, BING—OUTSIDE!

ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE GETTING ME BACK AGAIN! THERE'S A FULL MOON TONIGHT!

AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT DANCING THIS NUMBER WITH BING, SUE, YOU DON'T MIND IF I TAKE YOUR PLACE DO YOU? WELL... I SUPPOSE NOT!

THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT, MARLA? TO TAKE MY PLACE WITH BING PERMANENTLY!



SHE IS A NICE GIRL,  
BING, BUT A BIG  
SHOT LIKE YOU  
SHOULD PLAY  
THE FIELD AND  
GET THE  
BEST!

THEY DON'T  
COME BETTER  
THAN SUE!



BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU  
NOTICED ALL THE  
PEOPLE SNEAKING  
INTO THAT BACK ROOM?  
I WONDER WHAT'S  
IN THERE?

WHAT DIFFERENCE  
DOES IT MAKE  
WHAT'S IN THERE?  
IT DOESN'T  
CONCERN US!

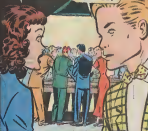


OH, YOU MEN! NO FEMINE CURIOSITY  
AT ALL! I WON'T SLEEP ALL NIGHT IF  
I DON'T FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN  
THERE! ALL THOSE PEOPLE CAN'T BE  
EMPLOYEES!



LOOK!  
A  
GAMBLING  
ROOM!

WELL, NOW THAT YOUR  
CURIOSITY IS  
SATISFIED MARLA,  
LET'S GET BACK  
TO SUE!



BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN IN  
A PLACE LIKE THIS  
BEFORE! LET'S WATCH  
A MINUTE!

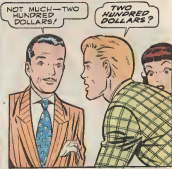
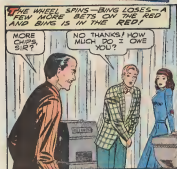
WELL, JUST  
FOR A  
MINUTE!

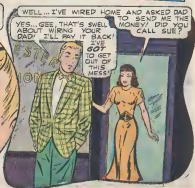
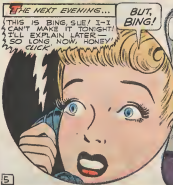
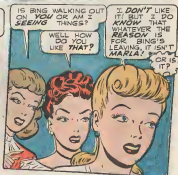
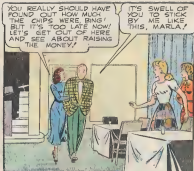


YOUR CHIPS,  
SIR!

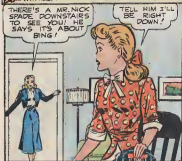
I DON'T WANT  
ANY CHIPS!





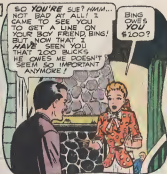


MEANWHILE, AT SUE'S SORORITY HOUSE...



THERE'S A MR. NICK SPADE DOWNSTAIRS TO SEE YOU! HE SAYS IT'S ABOUT BING!

TELL HIM I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!



SO YOU'RE SUE? HMM... NOT BAD AT ALL! I CAME TO SEE YOU TO GET A LINE ON YOUR BOY FRIEND, BING! BUT NOW THAT I HAVE SEEN YOU THAT 200 BUCKS HE OWES ME DOESN'T SEEM SO IMPORTANT ANYMORE!

BING OWES YOU \$200?



IT'S A GAMBLING DEBT! MAYBE YOU COULD PERSUADE ME NOT TO PRESS HIM TOO HARD! SO HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME TALKING IT OVER TONIGHT?

SO THAT'S IT! BING'S IN TROUBLE!



AND SO THAT NIGHT...

YOU'RE A CUTE LITTLE NUMBER, SUE! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO GET ALONG FINE WITH EACH OTHER, AREN'T WE?

ARE WE?



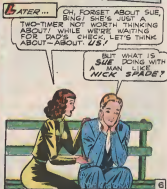
SURE WE ARE! IF NOT, THEN BING AND I AREN'T GOING TO GET ALONG GOOD WITH EACH OTHER EITHER... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

WHY, THERE'S BING WITH MARLA!



SUE! SHE'S WITH NICK SPADE!

WHY SO SURPRISED, BING? YOU DIDN'T THINK SUE STAYED HOME WHEN YOU WEREN'T DATING HER, DID YOU?



LATER...

OH, FORGET ABOUT SUE, BING! SHE'S JUST A TWO-TIMER NOT WORTH THINKING ABOUT! WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR DAD'S CHECK, LET'S THINK ABOUT—ABOUT US!

BUT WHAT IS SUE DOING WITH A MAN LIKE NICK SPADE?





AREN'T YOU IN ENOUGH OF A JAM AS IT IS, WITHOUT LOOKING FOR MORE? BESIDES, SUE ISN'T THE ANGEL YOU THINK SHE IS!

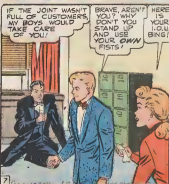


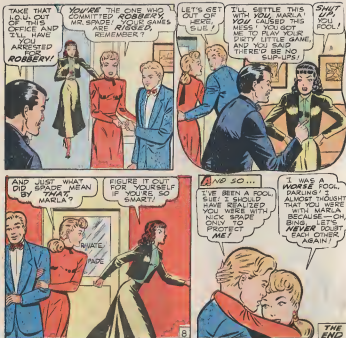
HE ISN'T MY BOY FRIEND! I'M THROUGH WITH HIM BUT I WOULDN'T LIKE TO SEE HIM IN TROUBLE! WHAT—WHAT CAN I DO?

I WISH I COULD GET HOLD OF THAT I.O.U.!

WELL, YOU CAN START BY GIVING ME A LITTLE KISS!

MR. SPADE! PLEASE!





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